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the name of Lutterelstown, a name which, for various reasons, the family into whose possession it has passed have wisely changed.

The principal parts of the mansion were rebuilt about fifty years back, but a portion of the original castle still remains, and an apartment in it bears the name of King John's chamber. It has also received additional extension from its present proprietor, who is now making further additions to the structure.

Woodlands is situated on the north bank of the Liffey, about five miles from Dublin. P.

PEGGY THE PISHOGUE.

"AND now, Mickey Brennan, it's not but I have a grate regard for you, for troth you're a dacint boy, and a dacint father and mother's child; but you see, avick, the short and the long of it is, that you needn't be looking after my little girl any more."

Such was the conclusion of a long and interesting harangue pronounced by old Brian Moran of Lagh-buoy, for the purpose of persuading his daughter's sweetheart to waive his pretensions—a piece of diplomacy never very easy to effect, but doubly difficult when the couple so unceremoniously separated have laboured under the delusion that they were born for each other, as was the case in the affair of which our story tells; and certainly, whatever Mr Michael Brennan's other merits may have been, he was very far from exhibiting himself as a pattern of patience on the occasion.

"Why, thin, Brian Moran!" he outrageously exclaimed, "in the name of all that's out of the way, will you give me one reason, good, bad, or indifferent, and I'll be satisfied?"

"Och, you unfortunate gosssoon, don't be afther axing me," responded Brian dolefully.

"Ah, thin, why wouldn't I?" replied the rejected lover. "Aren't we playing together since she could walk—wasn't she the light of my eyes and the pulse of my heart these six long years—and when did one of ye ever either say or sign that I was to give ever until this blessed minute?—tell me that."

"Widdy Eelish!" groaned the closely interrogated parent; "'tis true enough for you. Botheration to Peggy, I wish she tould you herself. I knew how it 'ud be; an' sure small blame to you; an' it'll kill Meny out an' out."

"Is it that I amnt rich enough?" he asked impetuously.

"No, avick machree, it isn't; but, sure, can't you wait an' ax Peggy."

"Is it because there's any thing against me?" continued he, without heeding this reference to the mother of his fair one—"Is it because there's any thing against me, I say, now or evermore, in the shape of warrant, or summons, or bad word, or any thing of the kind?"

"Och, *forrear, forrear!*" answered poor Brian, "but can't you ax Peggy?" and he clasped his hands again and again with bitterness, for the young man's interest had been, from long and constant habit, so interwoven in his mind with those of his darling Meny, that he was utterly unable to check the burst of agony which the question had excited. The old man's evident grief and evasion of the question were not lost upon his companion.

"I'm belied—I know I am—I have it all now," shouted he, utterly losing all command of himself. "Come, Brian Moran, this is no child's play—tell me at once who dared to spake one word against me, an' if I don't drive the lie down his throat, be it man, woman, or child, I'm willing to lose her and every thing else I care for!"

"No, then," answered Brian, "the never a one said a word against you—you never left it in their power, avick; an' that's what's breaking my heart. Millia murther, it's all Peggy's own doings."

"What!" he replied—"I'll be bound Peggy had a bad dhrame about the match. Arrah, out with it, an' let us hear what Peggy the Pishogue has to say for herself—out with it, man! I'm as thray for something to laugh at."

"Oh, whisht, whisht—don't talk that way of Peggy any how," exclaimed Brian, offended by this imputation on the unerring wisdom of his helpmate. "Whatever she says, doesn't it come to pass? Didn't it rain on Saturday last, fine as the day looked? Didn't Tim Higgins's cow die? Wasn't Judy Carney married to Tom Knox afther all? Ay, an' as sure as your name is Mickey Brennan, what she says will

come true of yourself too. *Forrear, forrear!* that the like should befall one of your dacint kin!"

"Why, what's going to happen me?" inquired he, his voice trembling a little in spite of all his assumed carelessness: for contemptuously as he had alluded to the wisdom of his intended mother-in-law, it stood in too high repute not to create in him some dismay at the probability of his figuring unfavourably in any of her prognostications.

"Don't ax me, don't ax me," was the sorrowing answer; "but take your baste out of the stable at once, and go straight to Father Coffey; and who knows but he might put you on some way to escape the bad luck that's afore you."

"Psha! fudge! 'pon my sowl it's a shame for you, Brian Moran."

"Divil a word of lie in it," insisted Brian; "Peggy found it all out last night; an' troth it's troubling her as much as if you were her own flesh and blood. More betoken, haven't you a mole there under your ear?"

"Well, and what if I have?" rejoined he peevishly, but alarmed all the while by the undisguised pity which his future lot seemed to call forth. "What if I have?—hadn't many a man the same afore me?"

"No doubt, Mickey, agra, and the same bad luck came to them too," replied Brian. "Och, you unfortunate ignorant crathur, sure you wouldn't have me marry my poor little girl to a man that's sooner or later to end his days on the gallows!"

"The gallows!" he slowly exclaimed. "Holy Virgin! is that what's to become of me after all?" He tried to utter a laugh of derision and defiance, but it would not do; such a vaticination from such a quarter was no laughing matter. So yielding at last to the terror which he had so vainly affected to combat, he buried his face in his hands, and threw himself violently on the ground; while Brian, scarcely less moved by the revelation he had made on the faith of his wife's far-famed sagacity, seated himself compassionately beside him to administer what consolation he could.

Mickey Brennan, in the parlance of our country, was a snug gosssoon, well to do in the world, had a nice bit of land, a comfortable house, good crops, a pig or two, a cow or two, a sheep or two, a handsome good-humoured face, a good character; and, what made him more marriageable than all the rest, he had the aforementioned goods all to himself, for his father and mother were dead, and his last sister had got married at Shrove-tide. With all these combined advantages he might have selected any girl in the parish; but his choice was made long years before: it was Meny Moran or nobody—a choice in which Meny Moran herself perfectly concurred, and which her father, good, easy, soft-hearted Brian, never thought of disputing, although he was able to give her a fortune probably amounting to double what her suitor was worth. But was the fair one's mother ever satisfied when such a disparity existed? Careful creatures! pound for pound is the maternal maxim in all ages and countries, and to give Peggy Moran her due, she was as much influenced by it as her betters, and murmured loud and long at the acquiescence of her husband in such a sacrifice. She murmured in vain, however: much as Brian deferred to her judgment and advice in all other matters, his love for his fond and pretty Meny armed him with resolution in this. When she wept at her mother's insinuations, he always found a word of comfort for her; and if words wouldn't do, he managed to bring Mickey and her together, and left them to settle the matter after their own way—a method which seldom failed of success. But Peggy was not to be baulked of her will. What! she whose mere word could make or break any match for five miles round, to be forbidden all interference in her own daughter's: it was not to be borne. So at last she applied herself in downright earnest to the task. She dreamed at the match, tossed cups at it, saw signs at it: in fine, called her whole armoury of necromancy into requisition, and was rewarded at last by the discovery that the too highly-favoured swain was inevitably destined to end his days on the gallows—a discovery which, as has been already seen, fulfilled her most sanguine wishes.

Whatever may be the opinion of other and wiser people on the subject, in the parish of Ballycoursey or its vicinity it was rather an ugly joke to be thus devoted to the infernal gods by a prophetess of such unerring sagacity as Peggy Moran, or, as she was sometimes styled with reference to her skill in all supernatural matters, Peggy the Pishogue—that cognomen implying an acquaintance with more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in philosophy; and most unquestionably it was no misthomer: the priest himself was not more

deeply read in his breviary than was she in all the signs and omens whereby the affairs of this moving world are shadowed and foretold—nothing was too great or too small for her all-piercing ken—in every form of augury she was omniscient, from cup-tossing up to necromancy—in vain the mystic dregs of the tea-cup assumed shapes that would have puzzled Doctor Wall himself: with her first glance she detected at once the true meaning of the hieroglyphic symbol, and therefrom dealt out deaths, births, and marriages, with the infallibility of a newspaper—in vain Destiny, unwilling to be unrolled, shrouded itself in some dream that would have bothered King Solomon. Peggy no sooner heard it than it was unravelled—there was not a ghost in the country with whose haunts and habits she was not as well acquainted as if she was one of the fraternity—not a fairy could put his nose out without being detected by her—the value of property was increased tenfold all round the country by the skill with which she wielded her charms and spells for the discovery of all manner of theft. But I must stop; for were I to recount but half her powers, the eulogium would require a *Penny Journal* for itself, and still leave matter for a supplement. It would be a melancholy instance indeed of Irish ingratitude if for all these superhuman exertions she was not rewarded by universal confidence. To the credit of the parish be it said that no such stigma was attached to it: nothing could equal the estimation in which all her words and actions were held by her neighbours—nothing but the estimation in which they were held in her own household by her husband and daughter.

Such being the gifted personage who had foretold the coming disasters of Mickey Brennan, it is not to be wondered at that the matter created a sensation, particularly as sundry old hags to whom she had imparted her discovery were requested to hush it up for the poor gosssoon's sake. His friends sorrowed over him as a gone man, for not the most sceptical among them ventured to hazard even a doubt of Peggy's veracity—in fact, they viewed the whole as a matter requiring consolation and sympathy rather than as a scrutiny into the sources of her information, which by common consent were viewed as indubitable, while some, more compassionate than the rest, went so far as to declare "that since the thing could not be avoided, and Mickey, poor fellow, must be hanged, they hoped it might be for something dacint, not robbing, or coining, or the like."

The hardest task of all is to describe the feelings of poor Brennan himself on the occasion; for much as he had affected to disparage the sybilline revelations of the wierd woman of Ballycoursey, there was not one in the neighbourhood who was more disposed to yield them unlimited credence in any case but his own; and even in his own case he was not long enabled to struggle against conviction. Let people prate as they may about education and its effects, it will require a period of more generations than one to root the love of the marvellous out of the hearts of our countrymen; and until that be effected, every village in the land will have its wise woman, and with nine-tenths of her neighbours what she says will be regarded as gospel. Some people of course will laugh to scorn such an assertion, and more will very respectfully beg leave to doubt it, but still it is true; and in the more retired inland villages circumstances are every day occurring far more extravagant than anything detailed in this story, as is very well known to all who are much conversant with such places. But to return to the doomed man:—How could he be expected to bear up against this terrible denunciation, when all the consolation he could receive from his nearest and dearest was that "it was a good man's death?" Death! poor fellow, he had suffered the pains of a thousand deaths already, in living without the hope of ever being the husband of his Meny. Death, instant and immediate, would have been a relief to him; and it was not long until, by his anxiety to obtain that relief, he afforded an opportunity to Peggy of displaying her own reliance on the correctness of her prognostications. Goaded into madness by his present sufferings and his fears for the future, he made an attempt upon his life by plunging into an adjacent lake when no one, as he thought, was near to interrupt his intentions. It was not so, however—a shepherd had observed him, but at such a distance that before help could be obtained to rescue him he was to all appearance lifeless. The news flew like wildfire: he was dead, stone dead, they said—had lain in the water ten minutes, half an hour, half the day, since last night; but in one point they all concurred—dead he was; dead as St Dominick.

"Troth he's not," was Peggy's cool rejoinder. "Be quiet,

and I'll engage he'll come to. *Nabocklish*, he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned. Wait a while an' hould your tongues. *Nabocklish*, I tell you he'll live to spoil a market yet, an' more's the pity."

People shook their heads, and almost began to think their wise woman had made a mistake, and read hemp instead of water. It was no such thing, however: slowly and beyond all hopes, Brennan recovered the effects of his rash attempt, thereby fulfilling so much of his declared destiny, and raising the reputation of Mrs Moran to a point that she never had attained before. That very week she discovered no less than six cases of stolen goods, twice detected the good people taking unauthorised liberties with their neighbours' churns, and spied a score of fortunes, at the very least; and he, poor fellow, satisfied at last that Fortune was not to be bilked so easily, resigned himself to his fate like a man, and began to look about him in earnest for some opportunity of gracing the gallows without disgracing his people.

And Meny—poor heart-stricken Meny—loving as none but the true and simple-minded can love, the extent of her grief was such as the true and simple-minded only can know; and yet there was worse in store for her. Shortly after this consummation of her mother's fame, a whisper began to creep through the village—a whisper of dire import, portending death and disaster on some luckless wight unknown—"Peggy Moran has something on her mind." "What could it be?" Silent and mysterious she shook her head when any one ventured to question her—the pipe was never out of her jaw unless when she slept or sat down to her meals—she became as cross as a cat, which to do her justice was not her wont, and eschewed all sorts of conversation, which most assuredly was not her wont either. The interest and curiosity of her neighbours was raised to a most agonising pitch—every one trembled lest the result should be some terrible revelation affecting himself or herself, as the case might be: it was the burden of the first question asked in the morning, the last at night. Every word she uttered during the day was matter of speculation to an hundred anxious inquirers; and there was every danger of the good people of Ballycoursey going absolutely mad with fright if they were kept any longer in the dark on the subject.

At length there was a discovery; but, as is usually the case in all scrutinies into forbidden matters, it was at the cost of the too-daring investigator. Peggy and Brian were sitting one night before the fire, preparing for their retirement, when a notion seized the latter to probe the sorrows of his helpmate.

"Deed it well becomes you to ax," quoth the wierd woman in answer to his many and urgent inquiries; "for Brian, achorra machree, my poor ould man, there's no use in hiding it—it's all about yourself."

"No, then!" exclaimed the surprised interrogator; "the Lord betune us an' harm, is it?"

"Deed yes, Brian," responded the sybil with a melancholy tone, out of the cloud of smoke in which she had sought to hide her troubles. "I'm thinking these last few days you're not yourself at all at all."

"Tare an ounties! maybe I'm not," responded he of the doubtful identity.

"Do you feel nothing on your heart, Brian achree?"

"I do; sure enough I do," gasped poor Brian, ready to believe anything of himself.

"Something like a *plurrisy*, isn't it?" inquired the mourner.

"Ay, sure enough, like a *plurrisy* for all the world, Lord betune us an' harm!"

"An' you do be very cold, I'll engage, these nights, Brian?" continued she.

"Widdy Eelish! I'm as cold as ice this minute," answered Brian, and his teeth began to chatter as if he was up to his neck in a mill-pond.

"An' your appetite is gone entirely, achra?" continued his tormentor.

"Sorra a word o' lie in it," answered the newly discovered invalid, forgetful however that he had just finished discussing a skib of potatoes and a mug of milk for his supper.

"And the cat, the crathur, looked at you this very night after licking her paw."

"I'll engage she did. Bad luck to her," responded Brian, "I wouldn't put it beyant her."

"Let me feel your pulse, asthore," said Peggy in conclusion; and Brian submitted his trembling wrist to her inspection, anxiously peering into her face all the while to read his doom therein. A long and deep sigh broke from her lips, along with a most voluminous puff of smoke, as she let the

limb drop from her hold, and commenced rocking herself to and fro, uttering a low and peculiar species of moan, which to her terrified patient sounded as a death summons.

"Murther-an'-ages, Peggy, sure it's not going to die I am!" exclaimed Brian.

"Och, widdy! widdy!" roared the afflicted spouse, now giving full vent to her anguish, "it's little I thought, Brian ashore machree, when I married you in your beauty and your prime, that I'd ever live to cry the keen over you—ochone, ochone! 'tis you was the good ould man in airnest—och! och!"

"Arrah, Peggy!" interposed the object of her rather premature lamentations.

"Oh, don't talk to me—don't talk to me. I'll never hold up my head again, so I won't!" continued the widow that was to be, in a tone that quickly brought all the house about her, and finally all the neighbours. Great was the uproar that ensued, and noisy the explanations, which, however, afforded no small relief to the minds of all persons not immediately concerned in the welfare of the doomed Brian. Peggy was inconsolable at the prospect of such a bereavement. Meny clung in despair to the poor tottering old man, her grief too deep for lamentation, while he hobbled over his prayers as fast and as correctly as his utter dismay would permit him. Next morning he was unable to rise, refused all nourishment, and called vehemently for the priest. Every hour he became worse; he was out of one faint into another; announced symptoms of every complaint that ever vexed mankind, and declared himself affected by a pain in every member, from his toe to his cranium. No wonder it was a case to puzzle the doctor. The man of science could make nothing of it—swore it was the oddest complication of diseases that ever he had heard of—and strongly recommended that the patient be tossed in a blanket, and his wife treated to a taste of the horse-pond. Father Coffey was equally nonplussed.

"What ails you, Brian?"

"An all-overness of some kind or other, your reverence," groaned the sufferer in reply, and the priest had to own himself a bothered man. Nothing would induce him to rise—"where's the use in a man's gettin' up, an' he goin' to die?" was his answer to those who endeavoured to rouse him—"isn't it a dale dacinter to die in bed like a Christian?"

"God's good!—maybe you won't die this time, Brian."

"Arrah, don't be talking—doesn't Peggy know best?" And with this undeniable assertion he closed all his arguments, receiving consolation from none, not even his heart-broken Meny. Despite of all his entreaties to be let die in peace, the doctor, who guessed how matters stood, was determined to try the effects of a blister, and accordingly applied one of more than ordinary strength, stoutly affirming that it would have the effect of the patient being up and walking on the morrow. A good many people had gathered into his cabin to witness the cure, as they always do when their presence could be best dispensed with; and to these Peggy, with tears and moans, was declaring her despair in all remedies whatever, and her firm conviction that a widow she'd be before Sunday, when Brian, roused a little by the uneasy stimulant from the lethargy into which they all believed him to be sunk, faintly expressed his wish to be heard.

"Peggy, agra," said he, "there's no denyin' but you're a wonderful woman entirely; an' since I'm goin', it would be a grate consolation to me if you'd tell us all how you found out the sickness was on me afore I knew it myself. It's just curiosity, agra—I wouldn't like to die, you see, without knowin' for why an' for what—it 'ud have a foolish look if any body axed me what I died of, an' me not able to tell them."

Peggy declared her willingness to do him this last favour, and, interrupted by an occasional sob, thus proceeded:—

"It was Thursday night week—troth I'll never forget that night, Brian ashore, if I live to be as ould as Noah—an' it was just after my first sleep that I fell drainin'. I thought I went down to Dan Keefe's to buy a taste ov mate, for ye all know he killed a *bullsheen* that day for the market ov Mooneen; an' I thought when I went into his house, what did I see hangin' up but an ugly *lane* carcase, an' not a bit too fresh neither, an' a strange man dividin' it with a hatchet; an' says he to me with a mighty grum look,

"Well, honest woman, what do you want?—is it to buy *bullsheen*?"

"Yes," says I, "but not the likes of that—it's not what we're used to."

"Divil may care," says he; 'I'll make bould to cut out a rib for you.'

"'Oh, don't if you please,' says I, puttin' out my hand to stop him; an' with that what does he do but he lifts the hatchet an' makes a blow at my hand, an' cuts the weddin' ring in two on my finger?"

"Dth! dth! dth!" was ejaculated on all sides by her wondering auditory, for the application of the dream to Brian was conclusive, according to the popular method of explaining such matters. They looked round to see how he sustained the brunt of such a fatal revelation. There he was sitting bolt upright in the bed, notwithstanding his unpleasant incumbrance, his mouth and eyes wide open.

"Why, thin, blur-an'-ages, Peggy Moran," he slowly exclaimed, when he and they had recovered a little from their surprise, "do you mane to tell me that's all that ailed me?"

Peggy and her coterie started back as he uttered this extraordinary inquiry, there being something in his look that portended his intention to leap out of bed, and probably display his indignation a little too forcibly, for, quiet as he was, his temper wasn't proof against a blister; but his bodily strength failed him in the attempt, and, roaring with pain, he resumed his recumbent position. But Peggy's empire was over—the blister had done its business, and in a few days he was able to stump about as usual, threatening to inflict all sorts of punishments upon any one who dared to laugh at him. A laugh is a thing, however, not easy to be controlled, and finally poor Brian's excellent temper was soured to such a degree by the ridicule which he encountered, that he determined to seek a reconciliation with young Brennan, pitch the decrees of fate to Old Nick, and give Father Coffey a job with the young couple.

To this resolution we are happy to say he adhered: still happier are we to say, that among the county records we have not yet met the name of his son-in-law, and that unless good behaviour and industry be declared crimes worthy of bringing their perpetrator to the gallows, there is very little chance indeed of Mickey Brennan fulfilling the prophecy of Peggy the Pishogue.

A. M'C.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BUSTLES.

BUSTLES!—what are bustles? Ay, reader, fair reader, you may well ask that question. But some of your sex at least know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates, sufficiently well, though, thank heaven! there are many thousands of my countrywomen who are as yet ignorant of both, and indeed to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance! Not, reader, that I am of the feminine gender, and use the article in question; but my knowledge of its mysterious uses, and the various materials of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb, "Here lies a man who was killed by a bustle!"

But before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps be proper to give a description of the article itself which has been the cause of my undoing. Well, then, a bustle is

But the editor will perhaps object to this description as being too distinct and graphic. If so, then here goes for another less laboured and more characteristically mysterious.

A bustle is an article used by ladies to take from their form the character of the Venus of the Greeks, and impart to it that of the Venus of the Hottentots!

That ladies should have a taste so singular, may appear incredible; but there is no accounting for tastes, and I know to my cost that the fact is indisputable.

I made the discovery a few years since, and up to that time I had always borne the character of a sage, sedate, and promising young man—one likely to get on in the world by my exertions, and therefore sure to be helped by my friends. I was even, I flatter myself, a favourite with the fair sex too; and justly so, for I was their most ardent admirer; and there was one most lovely creature among them whom I had fondly hoped to have made my own. But, alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness: such hopes with me had fled for ever! As I said before, I am a ruined man, and all in consequence of ladies' bustles.

In an unlucky hour I was in a ball-room, seated at a little distance from my fair one—my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a female friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the